NORTHERN MESSENGER

AND SABBATH-SCHOOL COMPANION.

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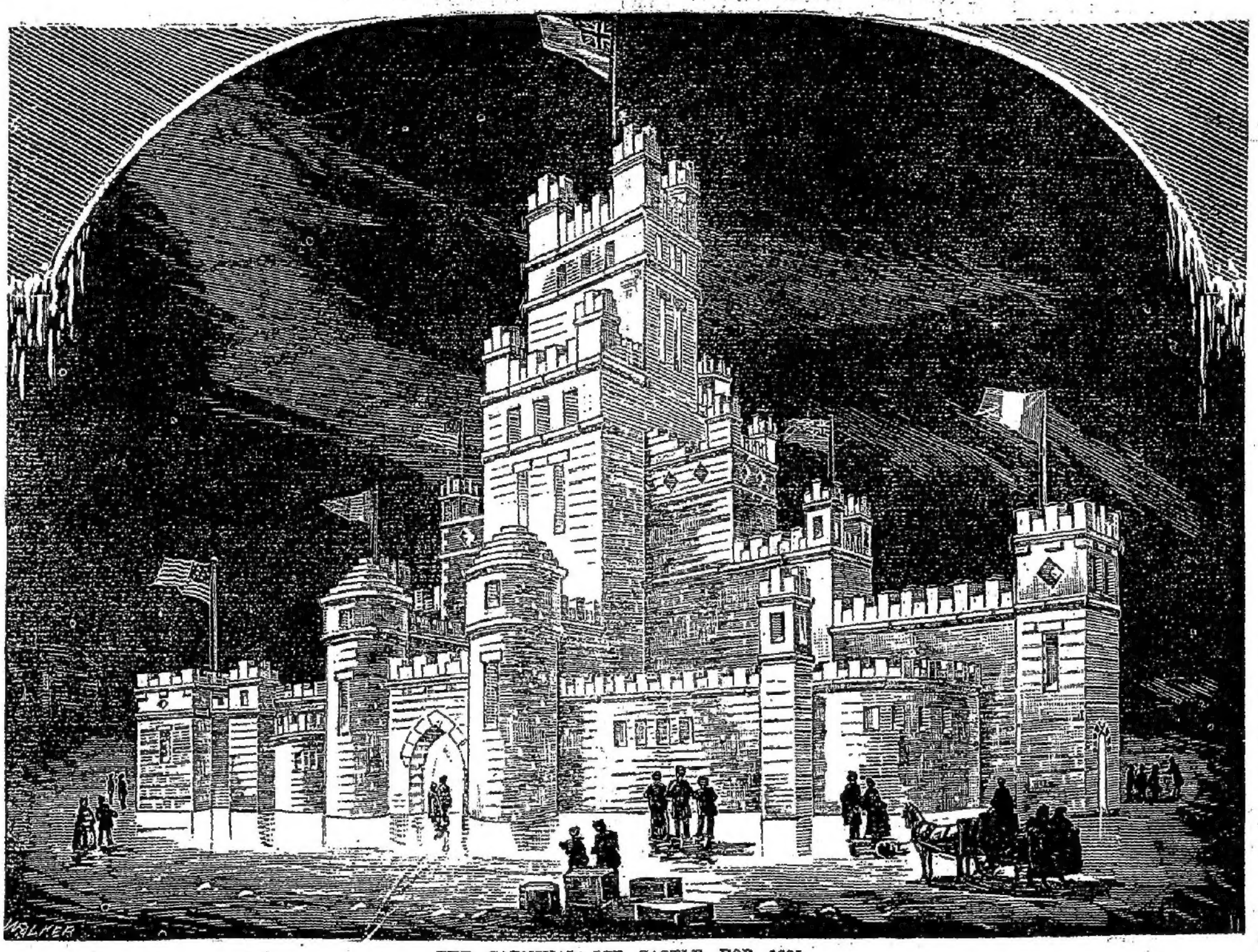
ICE PALACES IN RUSSIA AND CANADA.

Our English brothers and our American cousins across the border have long looked with horror on our Canadian winter, with its ice-bound rivers, its driving snowstorms, and its biting cold, and have wondered how in the world we ever manage to keep ourselves alive until the spring. That we did anything more than exist, that we actually enjoyed ourselves, and looked forward to the winter with much pleasure was harder still to understand. But we got a little tired at last of being pitied when we thought we were more deserving of envy, so we got up a Carnival and asked people to come over and see for themselves how Canadians spent their winter. They came, and for one week we kept them so busy with nothing but fun, driving, curling, skating, snow-shoeing, tobogganing, and all the winter sports for which Montreal is so famous, that they forgot all about the severity of the weather, and were fain to confess that the half had never been told them.

But of all the wonders of that Carnival of 1883, the greatest marvel was the ice palace. There, on Dominion Square, commanding a view of both mountain and river, stood a building such as the whole continent had never witnessed before and the world itself but twice. By daylight it stood, with its transparent walls, a palace of crystal, and by night, in the mystic light of the moon, it seemed easy to believe, even in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century, that the genii of the wonderful lamp had again been called to work. This ice palace of 1883 was a square building measuring ninety feet each way, with a square tower fifty feet high at each corner, and a central tower of nearly one hundred feet. The one built last year was on a different plan, and much more beautiful, being in the form of an ancient castle. It was one hundred and sixty feet long, sixty-five feet across at its widest part, with a central tower of solid ice eighty feet high. (The towers of the previous one had been partly of wood and spruce boughs covered with snow.) This, although of such perishable material, was so solidly built that it withstood all the winter thaws and remained a beautiful ruin when most of the snow had left the ground.

The ice castle for this year, which we show below, is on a still larger scale. It measures one hundred and sixty feet in length, and one hundred and twenty at its widest part. The round towers in front are forty-four feet high, the other towers from forty to seventy feet, while the central tower rises to the height of one hundred. The blocks of ice of which it is built are about forty inches long, twenty inches wide, and upwards of one foot in thickness, and twelve thousand of these were put in place before the building was finished.

The first ice palace of which we have record was built in St. Petersburg, by order of the Empress Anne of Russia, in the year 1740. Eight years before a fortress of snow and ice had been built upon the ice of the river Neva and a sham fight for its possession had taken place before the Empress. In the end of 1739 an attempt was made to build an ice palace on the river but the foundation gave way before it was finished and the palace was finally erected on the land. This while not on so large a scale as ours was much more carefully finished. It was fifty-six feet long, eighteen feet wide, and twenty-one feet high. Around the outside of the building ran an ice palisade, eighty-seven by thirty-six feet, and at each end was an or-



THE CARNIVAL ICE CASTLE FOR 1885.

namental pyramid as high as the main building. The whole of this building was beautifully carved, and the windows were thin sheets of ice. There were two rooms, a bedroom and a sitting room, the furniture in both of which was all of ice. There was a bath of ice, in which heated water was poured several times and used. There was a fire-place of ice with a fire of ice logs. These logs were smeared with naphtha and thus appeared to burn without being consumed. Outside in the garden the arrangements were just as elaborate. There stood orange trees of ice, bearing icy fruit; a huge ice elephant with two ice Persians on his back, spouting from his trunk water during the day time and burning naphtha by night; and two ice mortars and six cannon, from which were actually discharged gun-powder and cannon-balls.

Our ice castle, though not so elaborate in detail as this one is much more imposing in appearance. It does not suggest a luxurious palace wherein one may sit at ease, but it is dedicated to our healthy, outdoor winter sports, which do so much towards developing our young Canadian manhood and womanhood in the right direction. There were fire works around it also, but none so suggestive of war as cannons and mortars would be appropriate in this peaceful Canada of ours. Stormed it was, too, as a castle may be, but the attacking and defending troops were hundreds of friendly snow-shoers in the bright costumes of their various clubs; and the shot and shell brilliant showers of rockets which could be seen for miles around.

Temperance Department.

LIQUOR PROHIBITION IN PORTLAND, MAINE.

BY THE REV. S. W. POWELL.

The question whether "prohibition prohibits" in Portland, Maine, is one the answer to which depends upon the meaning given to the word prohibit. Milton makes those confined in the infernal pit say:

"Gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us *prohibit* all egress."

There it means, of course, positively to prevent or preclude, to make escape impossible. But Webster gives *forbid* and *hinder* among the words defining prohibit.

In this use of the word no one who saw what I saw in the evening and learned by inquiry during the afternoon of Thursday, August 24th, in quarters occupied by the Sheriff of Cumberland Co., of which Portland is the county seat, can deny that, to a remarkable extent, prohibition does prohibit in that city, the largest in the state. What I saw and learned proved that an honest and fearless sheriff, even without the sympathy of the city marshal and the police, can make it very hard and unsafe to carry on the business of liquor-selling.

Politics being what they are in Maine, it is not to be expected that the city government of so large a town as Portland would be thoroughly hostile to the liquor trade. But sheriffs are elected by the votes of a whole county, farmers and all; and in the present incumbent, who is an active member of one of the Congregational churches in the city, the county has a tireless and fearless enemy of the wretched business of making drunkards.

During the last twelve months his deputies have made four thousand searches and two thousand seizures. This averages more than ten of the former and five of the latter every day of the year. Nowhere in town liquor sold unless it is carefully concealed [illegible] very place and by every method that [illegible] and fear can suggest.

[illegible] st filthy places imaginable are not [illegible] serve as depositories of the too vile to [illegible] the bars for sale. One of liquor or even [illegible] told of finding a dirty the deputy sheriff [illegible] a wash tub of beer, woman standing ov[illegible]se, one of a row of in a malodorous outho[illegible] in the rear of a such necessary buildings [illegible]ock, ladling it thickly crowded tenement h[illegible] of men, who out with a filthy dipper to a row [illegible] line were came up one by one. In the several stylishly arrayed ward politicians, wearing silk hats and kid gloves.

When the Rev. I. P. Warren, editor of the *Christian Mirror*, recently went with the officers on one of their raids, he saw what was evidently a system of signals, to give warning of their approach. Only by rapid driving and very prompt, and if need be, forcible entry of the suspected premises was there any hope of seizing the contraband. No large quantity of it is ever kept where anyone can see it. Any household utensil, not likely to arouse suspicion, serves as the receptacle, garden sprinklers appearing to be favorites. A single flat bottle carried in a woman's stocking, or under her skirts, is often literally a walking liquor shop.

During the last year there were seized and destroyed 22,494 gallons of ale, 7,247 of lager beer, 809 of rum, 1,195 of whiskey, 98 of gin, 36 of wine and 11 of brandy, besides a considerable quantity of cider. Much of this was intercepted between the wholesaler and the retailer, it being a common thing for the wholesale waggon to leave it in the bushes, or in the woods. I saw one ale-barrel thickly coated with stable manure, in a heap of which it had been hidden. Often these heavy barrels are concealed in the upper story of a tenement house, in which case the officers do not break their backs in carrying the 420 pounds down in such a way as not to injure the stairs.

In the basement of the City Hall there is a store-room, 36x17 feet, with a stone or cement floor. In one corner of this room is a hole, perhaps six inches in diameter, which opens into the sewer. On the evening of August 24, in company with the Rev. Drs. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, and Warren of Portland, I saw poured upon that floor the proceeds of ten days' seizures, consisting of fifty-seven barrels and twelve half-barrels of ale and beer, besides a large amount of rum, whisky, gin, etc., which was poured from the buckets, wash-tubs, garden sprinklers, and other receptacles in which it was captured. These various packages, big and little, sold for the benefit of the public treasury, brought in over $4,000 last year, the value of the liquors at wholesale being not less than $10,000.

The Sheriff is provided with blank warrants, upon which he, his deputies, or any citizen can certify belief that liquor is kept for sale in or near any locality by any known person. The complete knowledge he and his men have of all the dens where, and the tricks by which, the sellers attempt to get around the law, enables them to fill these blanks with very few mistakes.

The prosecutions under the nineteen months of work by the present Sheriff have resulted in the collection of $22,500 in fines and costs; and in other appealed cases, which are decided but the sentences are not yet pronounced, the fines are enough more to bring the total up to $40,000. This, of course, is exclusive of attorney's fees.

It was worth going a long way to see Dr. Cuyler's glee as the ale and beer spouted from the prostrate barrel against the opposite wall, like a stream from a fire engine. It was hard to say which was the more irrepressible, the good doctor or the beer. He had to leave before the work—which lasted more than two hours—was done. Dr. Warren said he should see it through. I had to leave to catch my train a few minutes before the end of the good job.

But some one will say: There must be a great deal of liquor sold to pay for these confiscations, costly suits and heavy fines. Well, this is doubtless true; but it is probable that many keep on from obstinacy, or from hope that the machine will rotate in a less faithful sheriff. It would not be strange if the rich Liquor Dealers' Association of the United States were to help in such a case, since there seems to be a great anxiety lest the world should come to believe that the law is effective in Maine's largest city. This is shown by the fact that such a parade is made over the so-called open bar with which certain streets swarm. Bottles and other paraphernalia of the business are openly displayed in these places. The aforesaid bottles are labelled and colored so that it looks as if they contained brandy, gin, whiskey, etc. Just take one down and smell it, however, and you will discover that it is, as Dr. Warren says, nothing but "colored slop." A little aniline dye and water will go a long way in that sort of fraud.

No doubt there is a small quantity of liquor kept at these places to sell to those who will not "give them away," and if the Sheriff and his men are believed to be at a safe distance it is sold. Of the police there is probably not much fear. Another thing should not be forgotten. A first offence is punished by a fine of one hundred dollars or three months' imprisonment. A second by the same fine and six months' imprisonment. The appealed cases were carried up so as to gain time by those who meant to take the risk of continuing to sell. Until the first case is finally decided, subsequent cases are not, legally, second offences, and therefore, do not bring the six months' imprisonment. The law's delays, the chance of corrupting judges or juries, or of a change in the sheriff might come in to prevent the cases being carried through. Let the same sheriff be kept in, and sentence in this large number of appealed cases be carried out, and we shall very likely see that, even the present law, without the addition proposed by Dr. Warren of making the owner of premises in which liquor is found liable for the penalties, can almost, if not quite, stop the business.

It is no doubt true that the liquor dealers of the country at large would be very sorry to have the State of Maine vote "yes" at the next election, on the question of adding a prohibitory amendment to the constitution. Their most favorite argument is that, even in Maine, "prohibition does not prohibit." Those who will study the matter in Portland, can learn how much truth there is in this assertion.—*N. Y. Independent.*

WHAT IT COST.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

The two beds were side by side in the long ward, and on them lay two men, each with a gunshot wound through the right arm below the elbow. They were about the same age, each had a wife and children at home, and both hoped to save these useful right arms, for on their strength and skill the support of their families depended.

Clarke was a farmer, a pleasant, happy tempered fellow, bound to look on the bright side of things, and to get well as soon as possible, though his wound was the worst of the two. Morse had been a blacksmith and was proud of his strength, but said little and seemed to have something on his mind, being moody as well as taciturn.

The two were soon friendly, for neighbors in a hospital can hardly help being so, but Clarke did most of the talking, and Morse seemed contented to listen to his lively gossip without making any return. Therefore I knew very little about him, and when the surgeon one day asked me if Morse had been a drinking man I could not answer.

"Why do you want to know, doctor?"

"He is not doing so well as Clarke though his wound is a safer sort, and ought to be nearly well by this time. It is in a bad way and I'm afraid he'll have to lose that arm of his," answered the surgeon, shaking his head over a particularly bad smelling dose he was preparing for some unhappy patient.

"I hope not, I thought he was doing well and that Clarke, who suffers much more, was the one who might have to lose an arm," I said, rolling bandages for both as I talked.

"Not he, his blood is as healthy as a child's, he will be all right in a month, you may tell him so."

"I am very glad, for he is always talking about the happy time when he can go home to his wife and babies. Morse says nothing, but is as anxious to get well I think, though when you speak of his family it does not seem to cheer him up."

"I wish you'd find out if he has not been a drinker. I can't make him talk, and it is important to know, for if it is so the sooner the arm is off the better," and the doctor corked his bottle with a decisive rap.

When I saw the men again my feeling toward them was quite changed, for now anxiety about Clarke was all gone, and I pitied Morse so much I could not bear to ask that hard question. I soon learned the fact, however, without asking, and in this way:

As I went through my ward with a glass of wine-whey for another patient, I stopped to wet Morse's arm, for I saw a look of pain on his face and knew the comfort of cold water. He did not speak, and I went to refill the basin, leaving the glass on the little table near his bed. When I came back it was empty.

"Why Morse, that wasn't for you! Stimulants of all kinds are bad for you just now," I said, thinking how impatient poor Martin would be at having to wait for a second supply.

"I know it—I couldn't help taking it—the smell was too much for me," muttered Morse, looking red and ashamed, though the fierce, hungry expression of his eye betrayed that he longed for more.

"I'm afraid you like that sort of thing too much for your own good," I ventured to say.

"It has been the ruin of me, but I fight against it, indeed I do," he said so earnestly that I believed it, and longed to prepare him for what was to come, feeling that I could tell him more gently than the surgeon who had a somewhat startling way of saying to a patient, "Now, then, my man, I shall want this leg of yours in about an hour."

"Perhaps the pain you have suffered here may help you in your fight. Times like these do much to strengthen good resolutions if one is sincere," I said pleased at having won him to talk of himself.

"I know it, and I've made many since I've been lying here. But you see I couldn't resist even a small temptation like that. I wish I'd had a bullet through both arms before I did it!" he answered under his breath, with a remorseful look at the empty glass.

"Perhaps the loss of one arm will help you to resist," I began, finding it hard to soften the hard truth after all.

"You don't mean that?" and he looked up at me with a scared face, for the loss of a right arm was more dreaded than the loss of any other limb.

"I am afraid I do. Dr. Otmon thinks it may be necessary, for it is not doing well."

"But it is not so bad as Clarke's. They've saved his arm, why can't they mine?" he whispered, glancing at the great, brawny hand below the bandages, the hand that would never swing a sledge-hammer again.

"Ah, that's the pity of it, Morse. They saved his, though worse wounded than yours, because he was a temperate man. You must lose yours because you have poisoned your blood with bad liquor, and now must suffer for it.—*Leaflet.*"

THE STUDY AND CURE OF INEBRIETY.

We do our best work in England in a very strange way. We see some evil needing reform, and at once in the freshness of our enthusiasm, we throw ourselves into the task, often to learn from failure that we have started in the wrong way, and have to begin over again. So, Dr. Norman Kerr tells us, we have done in the case of inebriety. We have set ourselves to cure drunkards of their propensity, and to save men from becoming drunkards, and have had large success; but till now we have no society whose object it is to ascertain what drunkenness really is, and how it ought to be dealt with. Such a society Dr. Norman Kerr has helped to found, and his inaugural address, published by H. Lewis, 136 Gower street, is full of large-hearted, wise sympathy. Two points he urges with special force—that we should no longer look on drunkenness in all cases as a sin or vice, but wait till we know more about its real nature before we ticket it with a name which in some cases is certainly inappropriate; and also that we should not put a stumbling block in the way of those who long to cure themselves of this taint by attaching any slur to residence, whether voluntary or the reverse, in a Home for Inebriates, where cure is most easy and sure. We may hate and despise drunkenness, but we should pity and help the drunkard. Even in all his degradation he is still one of our brethren, possessing all the possibilities of greatness that are ours, and above all we should as a nation subject the terrible evil to its sole rational and efficient cure.—*Sunday Magazine.*

OUR POSITION as women is not so much in the front of the battle to face the foe, as to follow in the train, undermine the strongholds, and support and strengthen the weak and wounded. And though our efforts may seem feeble and fruitless in the struggle with this mighty evil, let us not weary but remember—

"Of broken shells He maketh, so He wills
The everlasting marble of His hills."

—*British Women's Temperance Journal.*

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S PASTORAL WORK.

[A CONVENTION ADDRESS BY MRS. EMILY DAVIES.]

We would like to discuss this subject by trying to answer two questions:

1. What is pastoral work? and,
2. Of what use is it?

To tell all that it is, would be more than could be expected of one person at one time, but, just to speak of it in outline, we would say, it is the interest you show and the loving care you give your scholars, not only when you are with them altogether in the class but whenever and wherever you can reach them. It is not your teaching, properly so called, not your "Rabbi" work, but your tending, protecting, shepherding care. The sweet sympathy you give secretly to some smitten life, the kindness you show to some hungry soul, the protection to some poor wounded girl, the lifting you will give to some strayed lamb who got among the thorns and briars, and who will bleat out its penitence in your ear, if you but seek for it. Teacher, please look around your class next Sunday while the opening exercises are going on, and discover to yourself what you know of the life of each one.

Is it a class of men? Which of them has a trial in his own home and you have never noticed that there was something wrong with him? Who stands where he is tempted to impatience and bitterness by the unreasonableness of those about him? Who has sought employment, unable to find it, till he comes to you with almost disbelief in God and certainly despair shadowing his face? Who has a new joy which shows in every movement of his body? Don't you know? Then you have failed in pastoral work. Is it a class of girls (excuse me—young ladies—there are no girls now,) is it a class of young ladies, and one of them has a severe disappointment from the failure of some long cherished scheme, and you have not strengthened her with your sympathy? Has one of them provoked a new love, taken upon herself the vows of betrothal and is to become a wife, and you have never privately reminded her that the church is the Bride of Christ, and with what beauty of character she should fit herself for her husband? Is one of them sick and you have not known it? Is one careless about coming and you have not made her feel you could not teach comfortably without her? Then your pastoral work has not been all that it ought.

Or, take a class of rather small boys—say anywhere between the ages of ten and fourteen—and by way of digression I would like to say that in such a class a teacher has about one of the hardest things to encompass, and she has my sincere sympathy, for—well, I have three sons. Now, boys are full of life and vigor, restless and, for the most part, heedless. They have ideas that to them are as big as a world; to you they are very small. They love to talk; they are just becoming important to themselves and consequently not quite so much so to other people; and for the teacher who has not made the lesson as bright as possible, or has not found out a bright way of presenting it, I am sorry. But use plentiful patience. You should lift your hat to those boys, for who knows but there may be among them a Martin Luther, or a John Bunyan? At any rate, never forgot that you are making men. The pastoral work in such a class will rather be the discovering at times that may best present themselves to you, either in school or out, their peculiar tastes and exhibitions of character, their bent of mind, as it will be called. In doing this you will find that one boy loves fishing, boating and the wide sea; another loves books, especially history; another no one thing in particular, but in a weak fashion notices everything, and still another will love nothing apparently but mischief. The searching out of this is finding their daily life, for at present this is what their life consists of; unless, indeed, the hard merciless grip of poverty has driven them to toil beyond their years; and may God give you few such.

But you will say, how is all this to be accomplished; We want something practical. So do I, and if you will bear with me a few moments longer I will try to tell you how it seems to me possible to do it. To those who have time, and there are many who have a good deal to give to their work, I would suggest a system of visitation which would suit the needs of your scholars. One half hour two or three times a week with an invalid, or one hour of good, spirited, cheerful, religious conversation with one of them now and then and an occasional visit upon all, would be of great value. Then if I had a pleasant home with book-shelves filled with interesting books, or cabinets of geological stones and "bric-a-brac" of foreign travel, my scholars should visit me and I would try to interest them in these things. I would go over again the pleasant spots of my travel; they should find not "sermons" but knowledge in stones and "good in everything." If I had spacious grounds, the summer should find my boys or girls as much at home in them as myself, by frequent picnics, for which I should supply the baskets. Surely in some of these interviews their very hearts would peep out, and that is just what I should seek to gain by all this.

But there are those who are doing real hard work that will tell in eternity, who have no such advantages. They have but few books, no spacious grounds, they have not travelled far, and they need themselves to go on a picnic to get rested a little. They are doing their work amid the pressing daily cares of life. Such will tell me time is money, which they need, and it must not be wasted. Can they do this work? My brother, my sister, this is what is needed for you, and you can do it. One hour a week, well used, will do a great deal; and if there is one teacher in all this State who can say conscientiously he has not one hour a week to spare, I think the Lord will excuse him from the work altogether till he can find more time for it. It is surprising, however, how much a little time wisely used will accomplish. It may be a few words on the street going to or from business or dinner (you can leave out all about the weather if moments are scarce); a jump on your business waggon to go and plead with some one to give employment to that poor fellow; a message sent to some one you could not see yourself; or you might send, to one needing it, a postal card with this written upon it: "Keep a brave heart; the sun was never yet so hidden with clouds but it shone through. Be at school on Sunday; I can't teach well without you." Fifteen cents spent for a couple of rose buds or a few violets to send or take to the one who is sick, or an invitation to your boys to come and have games with fruit and cake at your house once or twice during the winter nights does wonders. Perhaps the best time you can take will be a few moments after school. It may be with a member of the class upon whom you see that an impression has been made by the lesson.

(To be Continued.)

HOW TO PROMOTE THE EFFICIENCY OF OUR SCHOOLS.

BY D. A. CORMACK.

It has been said by an eloquent man, that speeches which cost no labor are worth nothing, but I am quite sure that Sunday-school instruction which involves no preparation is of no value. If we wish to be successful in teaching a class of young people, we must go to them with the matter clear in our own minds, everything ordered consecutively, regularly ticketed, and put one side in different parts of the brain, then brought out and given to the scholars in a systematic, orderly manner.

Then, again, the higher state of elementary education makes increased demands upon us as Sunday-school teachers. In the past, a teacher would have to deal with a class of big boys, or big girls, who could only spell out something with difficulty. But thanks be to God, the time has come when such a state of things is rapidly passing away.

When the children enter our classes in the Sunday-school, they come to have that religious instruction perfected which is only partially given in the week-day school. Can we, therefore, imagine a more solemn responsibility than what the Sunday-school teacher has undertaken? The future of the rising generation depends, to a very great extent, upon the Sunday-school teacher. Thus we see the need of preparing well ere we undertake to go before our class in the Sabbath-school. As a means to this end, I strongly approve of teachers' preparation classes being held in all our towns and cities, and in connection with large schools in the country districts, where the teachers connected with the different schools can meet and confer together, with the view of perfecting themselves in the mode of teaching; because, after all, it is one thing to know, but another thing to teach. Teaching is an art, and it requires great patience, great skill, and excellent temper to train up children in the way they should be trained. I also think it would be a great improvement if all schools would have a short address on the lesson every Sabbath, say by one of the teachers; and as we have undertaken the duty of advancing the best interests of humanity, let us be real Christians, serving our common Master and arriving at the same common end.—*Intermediate Teacher's Quarterly.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

February 8.—Acts. 21: 27-40.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

I. Draw from the scholars the circumstances of the lesson by a brief review of last Sabbath's lesson.

II. Show how the plan may have been successful with the Christian Jews whom they were aiming to conciliate; but a new and unexpected difficulty arose from the unbelieving Jews.

III. Give to the scholars a clear and distinct idea of the temple and its courts, so that they can see what parts were forbidden to the Gentiles, where in the temple Paul was completing his vow, where were the gates that were shut, and where Paul was rescued by the soldiers, and where he made his address to them. This will make the whole account more vivid.

IV. The subject is,—suffering for Christ's sake.

I. The assault upon Paul in the temple (vers. 27-30.) Paul meets some unexpected opposition from Jews who had known and opposed him in Ephesus. The results of what we do in one place follow us wherever we go.

Illustration. In the old church at Newburyport, Mass., where Whitefield used to preach, and where his bones still lie, is a peculiar echo. It was said to have been discovered thus. The corner gallery pews are built very high, and close to the arched ceiling. In one of these some boys were sitting, and during the service whispered to one another that now was a good time to steal some of a good deacon's pears, while he was in church. Accordingly they went out. But the deacon was sitting in the opposite corner, and distinctly heard across the church the words which were inaudible everywhere else. They were echoed along the arched ceiling. So our words and deeds are echoed, and exert an influence in a far distant place, or across years of our life.

Illustration. Stirred up all the people (ver. 27.) Envy is like a stone thrown into a pool of water; it rises in circles, each circle begetteth another, and growing still wider, till they all quite lose themselves in the end (ver. 31; 19: 29,) *dato uno, mille sequuntur*; like Cadmus's brood, they start up suddenly, and as soon fall foul of each other.—*Ch. Herle.*

Illustration. A little water is evaporated into a great deal of steam and smoke; and so a thing, trifling in itself, may become the means of incalculable mischief if it be put forth in the spirit of malice or even inconsiderateness.—*Manton.*

Illustrations may be drawn from the opposition of rum-sellers and saloon-keepers, and those who rent buildings for such uses, to faithful churches and ministers. So those who oppose lotteries in fairs, and the bad and corrupting business of men. Instance the attempts against Anthony Comstock.

II. The rescue (vers. 31-36.) Here the place should be pointed out on the plan of the temple, with the castle of Antonia.

III. Good out of evil. Paul's character contrasted with that of the Egyptian may be pointed out; but the chief lesson is from the fact that his assault, by placing Paul under the protection of the Roman soldiers, gave Paul an opportunity of preaching the Gospel to the Jews, and to the Romans also, such as he could have obtained in no other way. Till this time he had not discussed the Gospel in the temple (Acts 24: 12.)

Illustration. There is an old Huguenot device representing men around an anvil striking it with their hammers, and others handing them new ones as fast as the ones used are broken on the anvil. Underneath is this legend: "Strike away, ye rebels; your hammers may break, but the anvil of God's word endures."—*John Cotton Smith.*

February 15.—Acts 22: 1-21.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The subject is,—the necessity, nature, and methods of conversion as illustrated by the experience of St. Paul.

I. Paul's early training, and its bearing on his future life. Every child should thank God daily for a religious education. Parents should realize its importance to all the future of their children.

II. Paul's character before conversion. Show it just as it was, its good points and its defects. Paul expresses it in part in 1 Cor. 13: 1-3. Why did such a man need converting? If he did, then certainly we all do. How could he think then he was so good, since afterwards he saw himself a great sinner (1 Tim. 1: 15)?

Illustration. (1) We go into a room, and the air seems pure and clear from dust; but if one bright ray of sunshine is let in, we see that the air is full of particles of dust.

(2) During the discussions on spontaneous generation, many scientific men thought they had purified the air used in their experiments entirely free from every germ. They passed it through the fire and sulphuric acid, and felt sure of its purity; and yet in time growths took place in it which they thought must be spontaneous. But Prof. Tyndall put some of this purified air in a glass tube, and sent a ray of sunshine through it, and lo! the germs were still there. The light showed evil where none had seemed to be.

(3) So also a dark cave may seem all right because it is dark, but light will show dirt, insects, cobwebs, reptiles.

III. The steps in Paul's conversion. Mark the various steps and apply them to the scholars. But be sure and make the scholars distinguish between what is essential to all conversions and what is but form and method, and differs in different persons.

Illustration. The different experiences of John, Cornelius, the Ethiopian, of Baxter, Bunyan, and of the different characters in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Illustration. Men come into the kingdom of God in as many different ways as plants come to flower. Some come right up out of the earth to blossom; some come up and grow the whole summer, and then blossom; some grow a year, and then blossom the second year; some grow up like trees, and do not blossom till they are three or six years old; some put the leaves out first; and some put out the blossoms first and the leaves afterward. There is every possible mode of inflorescence.—*Beecher.*

IV. The change made in Paul by his conversion. The new purpose and heart transformed his whole life.

Illustration. If we go into a factory where they make the mariner's compass, we can see many of the needles before they are magnetized, but they will point in any direction. But when they have been applied to the magnet and received its peculiar power, from that moment they point to the north, and are true to the pole ever after.

Illustration. Goethe, in his *Tale of Tales*, speaks of a fisherman's rough log hut, which by virtue of a lamp within was gradually transformed into solid silver, and the uncouth hut became an exquisite temple of finest workmanship.

V. Paul's life work. Paul had a special work to do, worthy of his best powers and hopes. No life better worth the living could he have found. Describe its worth. Show each scholar that he has an equally noble work to do, according to his ability.

PREPARE early in the week for the Bible-class duties of the following Sabbath. Set apart a regular portion of your time for this work. Do not permit the evening for teachers' meeting to come around and find you unprepared for an intelligent discussion of the lesson.

ACQUIRE early in the quarter a good general knowledge of the lessons for that quarter. By understanding the general drift of study, you can properly connect the lessons and teach more acceptably. The truths of one lesson are often illustrative of those of another.

CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER VI.

You have no idea what a life that baby led them, unless you have a little brother or sister at home. I suppose you have but little idea how a baby can cry, who is very tired, and hungry, and a good deal frightened; for by this time he began to think it the strangest thing in life that his mother did not come and attend to him. Christie took a hint from the pale young man, and began to walk up and down the car, with baby in her arms; but he was much heavier than the baby at home, and it took very little of this exercise to make her young back ache. Wells looked on sympathetically, as well as a little indignantly. Unable to take a step, or even to twist himself about, so that he could take the baby in his arms, he told himself that if he were that young man he would see if he could not carry that baby a while, and not let a little girl tug with it all the time. Suppose he did yell, what of it? That was no more than he was doing now, every time he thought of it. He should like to see himself scared away by the crying of a baby! As for the literary young lady, words could not express his contempt for her; he showed it by curling his lip most expressively whenever he looked in her direction. But she, having once more buried herself in her book, lost all this.

"I know what the poor little fellow wants," said Christie, returning to Wells, during a lull. "He is so hungry that he can't help crying. He keeps stuffing both his little hands into his mouth; they are always hungry when they do that. His mother had some milk in a bottle for him, in that little satchel she carried in her hand. I saw her offer him some once, but he wasn't hungry just then, and pushed it away. I just wish she had left the bag when she went away; but she carried it on her arm."

"Probably it had her pocket-book in it as well as a bottle of milk," Wells said; and then: "I'm sorry for the poor little chap, if he is hungry; we all stand a fair chance to be in the same fix if we stay here long"

"I have cookies, and things," said Christie thoughtfully; "but they won't do for babies, you know"

"I don't know a thing about it," declared Wells. "But I should think that folks would rather have them eat cookies than starve."

There was no denying this, so Christie only laughed; but as yet she did not resort to cookies. She thought of the rows of milk pans ranged on the shelves at home; if she only had one of them! She thought of the milk can that had started from home with them; what a pity that its stopping-place had been one station back. Away over in the fields, no other house near it, stood what looked like a bit of a farmhouse. Christie wondered whether they had milk there, and whether somebody couldn't go there and try to get some. She mentioned the wonder to Wells.

"It's a forlorn little place," he said, trying to raise himself on one elbow to see it, frowning deeply with pain as he did so.

"I don't believe they have any milk there that is fit to drink. Besides, how could a body get to it? They would get up to their ears in mud. Those fields look as though they had no bottom to them. My! how quick I would skip over there if I had the use of my feet!"

Christie could not help smiling again, at the apparent contradictions in his words; but she kept looking out at the little house, between her soothings of the baby.

"I most believe I will try it," see said at last. "Something has got to be done; this baby is almost starved; I suppose that he was so busy gazing about him this morning, that he could not eat his breakfast."

"You!" said Wells, regarding her with surprise, mingled with respect. "Why, you would stick fast in the mud. I don't believe your mother would like such doings at all."

Christie looked down at her shoes; she so seldom had a new pair that these were treasures; a little nicer they were, than any she ever had before; she remembered, too, her mother's oft-repeated charge, on no account to step off the train until they reached the city; yet she said resolutely: "My mother always likes me to do things that ought to be done. I think I am going to try it. I don't see another person who would be likely to go."

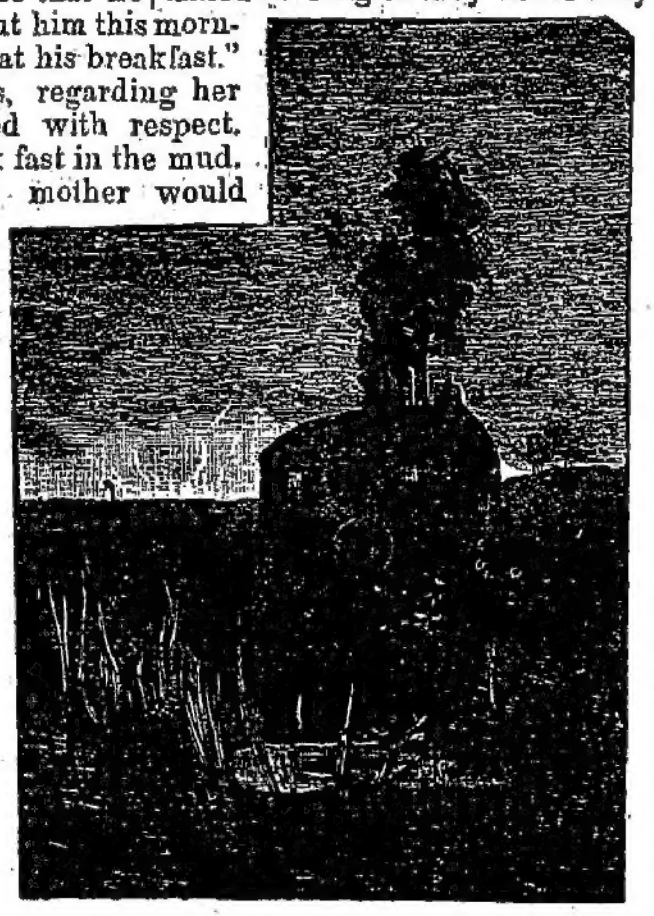
"Suppose you try the young lady in the velvet gown?" said Wells; "she has almost finished her story."

Then he and Christie both laughed. Her face sobered at once, and she began to take anxious looks through the cars The old gentleman was not to be thought of for a moment; his hair was too white to think of his taking a tramp like that. There was the pale-faced man, but she looked regretfully at his shining boots and beautiful pantaloons. The mud would certainly ruin them; and what a plight he would be in when they reached the city! She almost thought he would go, if she were to ask him, but it did seem too bad to do so

"O baby, baby!" she said in a soft cooing tone, "couldn't you possibly lay your head on my shoulder and take a nice little nap? Then perhaps the train would go on in a few minutes, and maybe the bridge isn't down at all; and maybe the nine o'clock train will come in all right, and bring your mamma, and she will have a bottle full of nice milk for you."

But the baby was utterly disgusted with this suggestion. He put no faith in any of it; he angrily bobbed up his head as often as Christie tried to cuddle it in her neck. He snatched at her hair, and tried to pull the very braids out by the roots; he scratched at her face, and in various other ways conducted himself like a tiger Wells, meanwhile, seeing Christie glance toward the house in the fields, with a resolution of some sort growing on her face, made a suggestion:

"There is one thing you want to think of, whoever tramps off there, runs the risk of having this train skip off and leave them. I dare say we may go in a little while; trains are hardly ever detained as long as they think they are going to be. Once, when we were east, there was something the matter with the track, and the conductor didn't think we could go on under three hours, and father let my sister Estelle and I go and take a walk; and in just half an hour that train went on, and Estelle and I had no end of a time getting with our folks again!" concluded Wells, very wisely.



THE LITTLE UGLY-LOOKING HOUSE.

This story, like many other things in this world, had an exactly opposite effect from what was intended.

"I shall go myself," said Christie positively. To herself she said: "I shall never ask that poor young man to go and run the risk of missing the train, when he is in such a hurry; and the rest of these people look as though they wouldn't do it for anything, and as though I would rather go three times than to ask them,"

"What will you do if the train takes a notion to go on?" said Wells, dismayed for her.

"Why," said Christie, "If this train can go on, another can come, or go, some time, you know; and I could wait for it and take it. Would they take my ticket on another train?" The startled tone in which she asked this question, made Wells understand that her ticket was a matter of importance to her. He set her mind at rest about that, and then came to the front with a new idea:

"Have you a return ticket? When were you coming back, anyhow?"

"To-night;" said Christie laughing in spite of all the troubles of the way. "Do you suppose I shall get there in time to come back? What did you say about a return ticket? Ought I to have one?"

"Why, that is the way they generally do," this old traveller explained; "buy a round trip ticket, you know, it saves ten or fifteen cents; but it is of no consequence, you can just as well buy one at the city station if you ever get there."

Christie looked down at her ticket with a perplexed and sorrowful air; it was not round certainly. If it ought to have been, and if anything that she could have done about it would have saved her fifteen cents, she was very sorry, for money was of great consequence to her. "I did not know about it," she said meekly; and felt that she did not yet know, and that, by and by, when things were quieter, she would ask Wells why it was that round tickets were cheaper, and why they did not give her one. Meantime the poor discouraged baby had settled into a restless slumber; Christie had been watching his eyes close, while she walked slowly back and forth in the car. She did not believe he would sleep long, he was too hungry for that. And now her resolution was formed. "I'm going over there to try to get some milk," she said firmly "If somebody would make a nice little pillow of my shawl, I could lay the poor baby down. Do you suppose the old gentleman with the gold glasses would see that he did not roll off the seat?"

"Why do you pick him out?" asked Wells, amused over the whole thing, and much disgusted that he could not help "Give me the shawl; I can roll it up. I haven't sprained my hands, at least. Now lay the young scamp down, and go and give the old gentleman our compliments, and say that he is appointed special guard, with orders not to fall asleep at his post, under pain of being scratched."

Christie's eyes were brim full of

fun, but she went over to the old gentleman, with a gravely gentle face, and made known her petition

"Eh, what?" he said, coming back from some day-dream with a sigh. Oh, yes, certainly he would keep the poor little fellow from rolling off. "But if he cries," he said anxiously, "I shall not know what to do; I never could do anything with babies when they cried."

Christie could only hope that this one would not cry; and having established the guard where she wanted him, she prepared to set off.

By this time Wells had another idea. He had been fumbling in his pocket, and now drew out his handsome Russia leather pocket-book.

"Just let me furnish the funds for the youngster, won't you? since I can't help in any other way"

"Will I need money?" Christie asked, stopping with a startled air, to look into his face. Her mother lived in a little house back in the fields, but she would never think of taking money in return for a little milk to be given to a hungry baby.

"Why, of course," said Wells. "That is, if you get any milk, which I doubt; the house doesn't look like it from here. But you will have to buy a pitcher, or something to put it in; they won't trust you, they'll think you are a tramp, you know. Offer to pay them well, and the little chap will fare a good deal better than he will if you ask a favor."

As he spoke he held out a crisp bank note Christie took it slowly, with a bright glow on her cheeks. It was a five dollar bill. She had never had so much money in her hands before; and to tell the truth, she did not quite like to have this in her hands. She had to remind herself that the milk was not for her, and that she certainly had not money enough of her own to pay for it, and get back home with Just then—wise little woman that she was—came into play some of the good sense which her good mother had tried so hard to teach her. She handed back the crisp new note. "Give me something smaller, please," she said pleasantly, "I don't like to carry so much, nor to offer it; they would think I was a very suspicious tramp. Milk is only ten cents a quart, and a pitcher or a tin pail does not cost much."

It was Wells' turn to blush now; he plainly saw that she had been the more business-like of the two, and crumpling the bill in his hand, he produced some shining silver pieces in its place, and Christie went.

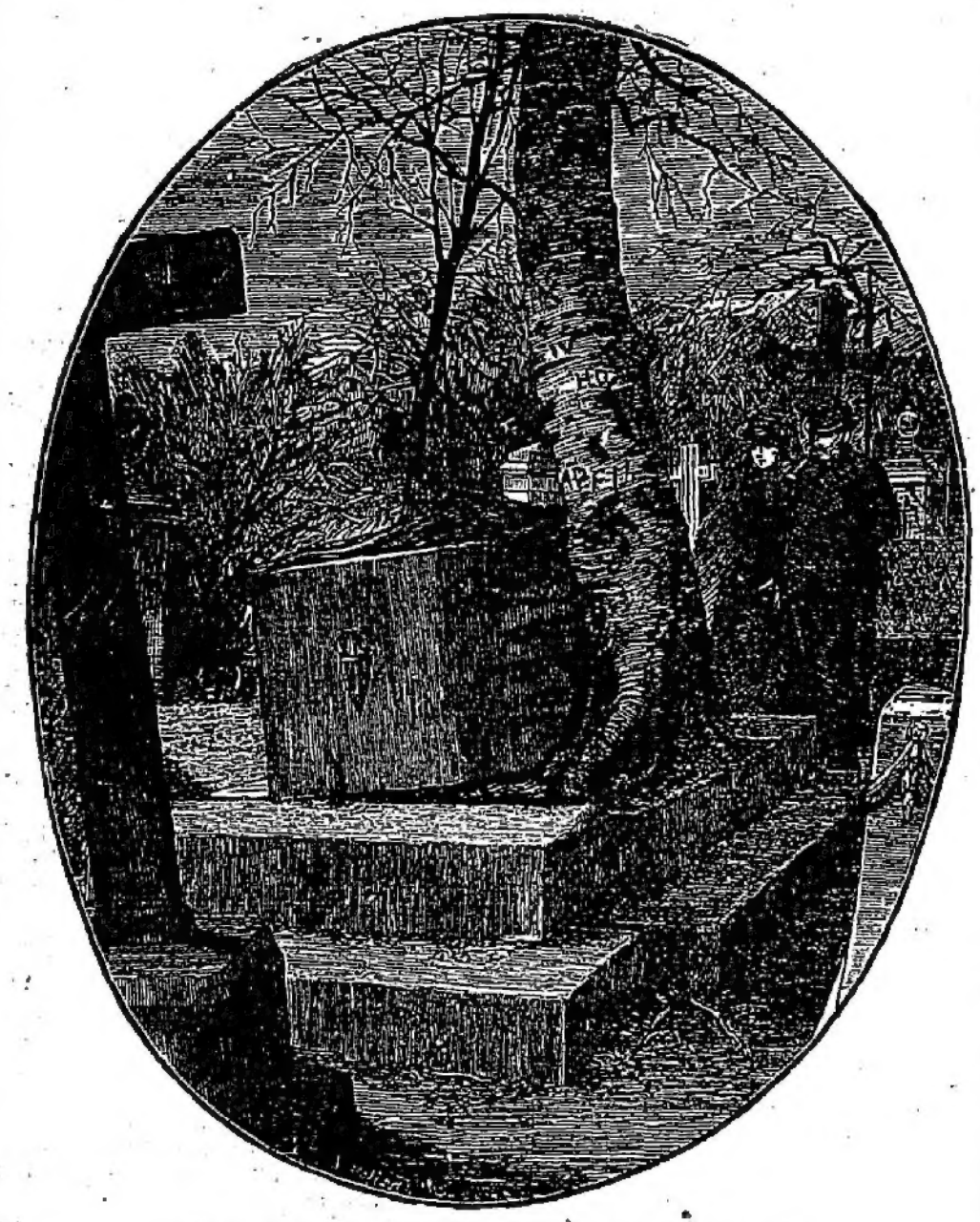
Oh, but that mud was deep! How quickly were the trim new shoes besmeared all over with a thick yellow plaster? Worse than that, they were getting too heavy to carry; it was as much as she could do to drag them from one bog to the other; for the road seemed to be made up of a succession of bogs. Once she came to a little pool of muddy water; came to it before she saw it; splashed right in, and soaked her feet away above the ankles, and spattered the pretty dress. Dear! dear! If mother could see her now! What a thing it was to go off on a Christmas ride!

It was a long walk, much longer than it had seemed from the car window. With every step the difficulty of getting on increased, and once she had really to lean against a friendly post that seemed set up to mark the lot, and try to dig the mud from her shoes. How surely they were ruined; and they were to have been her Sunday best for a year!

No, she wouldn't. Bow, wow! wow! Here was a fellow who disputed the way with her, and came suddenly bowing at her, as if the least that he should think of doing was to swallow her at once.

Now it happened that Christie, unusually brave about most things, was dreadfully afraid of a dog.

She gave a pitiful little shriek, and the next thing she knew, she was picking herself out of the meanest-looking mud hole she had seen in her trip. The dog had retired to a safe distance, and with his head hung down, and his silly little tail between his legs, was receiving a lecture from a woman with a frowzy head, and sleeves rolled up at the elbow, who appeared in the door of the little house. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself!" she said, shaking her head; "a decent dog you are to be cutting up such tricks! Come along, child what do you want? There's no kind of need of your being afraid of that there dog; there ain't a bigger coward in all Kansas than he is. Mercy on me! What a fix you are in! I guess your ma, whoever she is, will give you something to make you remember Bose. You've just ruined your dress. Where did you come from, anyway?"



TOMB FORCED OPEN BY A GROWING TREE.

There was another sad thought connected with all this: What a plight she would be in by the time she reached uncle Daniel's. And mother had taken such pride in having her so neatly dressed, with a new-fashioned jacket and all! What with the mud, and the weariness, and the anxiety, she could hardly keep the tears from falling as they rushed into her eyes. But she shut them back resolutely and said aloud: "I know I am doing right. That baby will get sick if he don't have his milk; and a baby is worth more than ten pairs of shoes and a new dress besides"

Now she was fairly at the gate of the little ugly-looking house. In a minute more she would be inside.

(To be continued.)

A LIFE grandly holy is only the adding together of minutes scrupulously holy.

THE MIGHT OF THE PRECIOUS SEED.

Near Mary street, in Hanover, which is becoming a flourishing mercantile centre of Northern Germany, is the old Garden graveyard. Once in the outskirts, now the rush of traffic and rattle of street cars disturb the quiet of the old cemetery. For many a year its rusty gates have never been swung back to receive any new tenants. The graves are overshadowed by large trees and overgrown by weeds, and neglect marks the spot everywhere. Quite near the entrance, in the shadow of the old church, lie the remains of a lady who belonged to the old nobility and who was buried here during the middle of the last century. Her grave is covered by two massive blocks of sandstone on which lies another double their size. The latter is ornamented in relief by an extinguished torch, the symbol of death.

The immense blocks are fastened together by heavy iron-clamps, showing the intention of the owner not to have the place disturbed. This is still more emphatically pronounced by the inscription which is hewn in large letters opposite to the name of the occupant and the date of her death. On one of the lower stones, "This grave, bought for all time, must never be opened." But what is man's will in a universe ruled by an Almighty Creator? Where the two stones are joined together, a passing wind, not long after the monument was erected, carried a tiny seed. No one observed it but the eye of God.

But there it took, and as summer showers and winter storms followed the course of the seasons it grew, its roots finding nourishment in the soil beneath, till now an immense birch-tree spreads out its silvery and graceful branches over the moss-covered stones, and the sparrows build their nests in it. But in getting its present growth and expansion its great roots have gone clear through the grave, and the dust of the dead has nourished them, while its massive trunk has lifted the ponderous stones out of their places, turning them on edge and rending the iron clamps that held them together. And there the leafy branches, high in the air, nod to the sculptured legend below, as if in quiet mockery of the man's vain command, "This grave, bought for all time, must never be opened." It is the triumph of life over death.—*Selected.*

A GREAT STEP is gained when a child has learned that there is no necessary connection between liking a thing and doing it.—*Guesses at Truth.*

GOD'S ALMANAC has but one day, that is to-day.

The Family Circle.

PRAYER.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour,
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make.
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower:
We rise, and all the distant and the near
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear:
We kneel how weak! we rise how full of power!
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong.
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

—*Archbishop Trench.*

TELL HIM.

BY JAMES WILLIAM KIMBALL.

Have you given yourself to God?

"Yes, I have, again and again; but it don't seem to make any difference. I don't see why it need be so difficult to become a Christian."

But, my dear friend, who makes it so difficult? It certainly is not God, for Jesus says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And again, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat, yea, come; buy wine and milk without money and without price." "And him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." It is you that have made it difficult, for while he has been calling, you have been refusing, while He stretched out His hand, you disregarded, compelling your Lord to say, "Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life." You have listened to the voice of worldly pleasure, and have yielded yourself to the persuasion that there could be no higher pleasure than that which comes to you through the senses. This you have persisted in doing, until sensuous pleasure alone seems to you real. This is what makes it difficult to become a Christian. A Christian is one who realizes Christ, who not only finds Christ real, but finds him to be the only reality. Others disappoint; He alone satisfies.

"Oh, that I could find him!"

"Then shall ye seek and find me, when ye search for me with all your heart." It is His own declaration, and true beyond all peradventure. If you fail to find Him, you may know assuredly it is because you do not search for Him with all your heart."

"I'm sure I have tried, but my mind works slowly."

Take then a hint from Solomon: "If the iron be blunt, then must he put to more strength," that is, redouble your diligence; strive the more earnestly. Realize Jesus you must, and realize Him you will, if you set your heart and mind with inexorable determination to do so.

"But is it not written that "faith is the gift of God'?"

It is, indeed, hence your encouragement to ask, to seek and search. It will certainly be given to him who cares enough for it thus to seek and search. "The gift of God is eternal life," and "this is life eternal to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." This is real life, the only life that does not mock you. In Him is fulness of life.

"Well, if he wishes me to have it, why does he not give it to me? I certainly have asked, and asked, and asked again, with all the earnestness I am capable of."

You have not yet believed in His willingness—His more than willingness—to give; His eagerness to give more than you have asked or thought. Indeed, I may well question if you have in fact asked Him at all. It is written, He that cometh to God must believe that He is. Have you in fact realized Jesus as real, present, listening to you?

"No, that is just my trouble, that I cannot realize Him, I seem to be speaking only into the air."

Exactly, so I supposed. You must then realize Him.

"I have already told you that is just what I cannot do."

Ah! you have found out that, found that without His enabling power you can accomplish nothing. It is a most important discovery. Now ask Him to realize Himself to you. Tell him how much you wish it. Tell him of your willingness to make any sacrifice that may be needed to secure it. Convince him that you are both honest and in earnest. Say to yourself, Jesus is here: He knows every thought, every feeling, as well as every word I speak. Lord, show thyself to me. I do love Thee, I do keep Thy words, Lord, manifest Thyself to me, and come with the Father and make Thine abode with me, according to Thy word; John 14: 21, 23. Only show Him that you mean it, and He is faithful, He cannot deny Himself; that is, He cannot fail of His word.

"But how can I say that I love Him and keep His words, when that is just what I do not do?"

If that is so, then tell Him that you neither love Him nor keep His words.

"But that is shocking! How could I dare to say that?"

I don't see how you can. But you want to be saved, do you not?"

"Certainly I do."

Then say that; for "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." When He finds you both true in what you say and thoroughly in earnest, He will bring home to you the blessing in Psalm 119: 2: "Blessed are they that keep His testimonies, and that seek Him with the whole heart."—*The Watchman.*

HAVE YOU LOST GOD?

"Ruined! Yes, I have lost everything! If I were younger, I might talk of beginning life over again, but it is too late for that and I see nothing but starvation staring us in the face."

Mrs. Carleton looked in a puzzled, dazed way at her husband, when he uttered these words. He had been talking for some little time of ruin and starvation, but she could not understand them as having any connection with herself. There were plenty of people who lost money and had to give up their carriages or go away for a year; she thought she would prefer giving up her carriage, and she had told him so, but he had said such queer things.

"Do you mean!" she asked, "that we must give up some of the servants, too?"

"I mean," he repeated, "that we must give up everything; all is gone—house, furniture and all. Where we are to find enough to keep soul and body together I do not know!"

"I—it cannot be so bad as that!" said his wife, with a look of terror in her face.

"But it is, I tell you, I have lost everything. Do you not understand? And now go—I would rather be alone."

Mechanically Mrs. Carleton rose and left the room. There was no word of sympathy exchanged between husband and wife, and yet—the world considered them a happy couple. She governed a well regulated house, and he supplied her with everything necessary to maintain a good position in society. Life had gone very smoothly with them so far, and Mrs. Carleton had never dreamed it could go otherwise. As long as she could remember, she had had everything she wanted, and now—it must be a horrible dream from which she would soon awake.

But Henry Carleton knew it was no dream. He realized to the fullest extent, the situation in which he was, and he realized, too, that he could expect no help from his wife—that everything must be planned and carried out by himself. He bowed his head when left alone, and groaned aloud. A gentle touch caused him to start up suddenly, only to see before him his little niece, orphaned and taken into his home only a few weeks before. Unknown to him she had witnessed the interview with his wife.

"Uncle," she said, as she looked into his face with a questioning, anxious look on her own, "have you lost God? Has he gone?"

Henry Carleton gazed curiously into the child's face as his memory went back with a flash to the time he had gone out into the world, and his mother, who had died soon after, had urged him to give his heart to One who would guide him in paths of truth and uprightness, and would be a strong Arm to lean on, and a Comforter in time of trouble. Had he done so? No. What need had he had of a God? And now—was there comfort anywhere?

"Bessie," he said, in a gentler voice than the one he had used to his wife. "what do you know about God?"

"Oh, uncle, I know how good he is!"

"Do you think he has been good to you in taking from you your father and mother?"

"God is always good, uncle, and they are so happy."

"H'm! Well, perhaps so, but you—what will become of you now? Didn't you hear me say I did not know where I could get enough to provide the necessaries of life for my own family?"

"Uncle, God will take care of me and of us all, if we only ask him and give him our hearts."

"How do you know that he will?"

"Because he says he will, and he always keeps his promises."

He had been inclined to be a scoffer at religion lately, but the simple trust of this little child struck him as nothing had ever done before. For a moment there was a wild conflict of feeling going on, and it was a moment that was to decide his destiny for time and for eternity. The evil in his nature struggled hard for the mastery, but the memory of his mother and the look on the childish face upturned to his, caused him to feel an unaccountable desire for something above and beyond what he had ever experienced before.

"Bessie," he asked eagerly, "has he made any promises that would suit me now, in my trouble? Is there anything that would make it easier, you know?—anything to make me feel as you did when he took everything from you?"

"Yes, uncle, the Bible is full of God's love and of his care for us all, will you let me show you?"

"Yes."

It was a well worn Bible she brought, one that had been her mother's, and one that he recognized as having been his mother's, and it was a strange sight—the two, one a man of the world, the other, a child of God, intently examining its pages, and noting carefully those portions of Scripture that had been marked by loving hands as having afforded comfort and consolation in time of trouble. Truly, though dead, they yet spake. And were their voices heard? Yes. Earthly pleasures had been tried and proved hollow and false, friends had flown, and all was dark until a little child had led the way to the feet of "One who sticketh closer than a brother."

Friend, are you now trying the world and its pleasures? Are you rejecting Christ? If so, the time will come when your burdens will be greater than you can bear. Oh stop—you are daily and hourly adding to those burdens—and listen to the voice of One who says to all, no matter how sin-stained or vile, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Church and Home.*

WHITTLING.

A boy must have a knife, and he must whittle. No energy of man or boy should be wasted; so that it becomes all directors and guardians of youth to turn the whittling propensity to good account. Tell the boy what to whittle, how to whittle—or he will surely be aimlessly whittling a shingle, hacking the furniture, or carving his name on fences and benches.

The jack-nife is a simple tool, but one with which some excellent work may be done. By no means despicable wood carving may be done with it, and it may be pressed into service for the manufacture of numerous knick-knacks worthy of thought, in these days when boys are racking their brains to know what they can make for Christmas gifts. Let me give some suggestions as to whittling.

In the first place, have a good jack-knife. Not one of the flimsy little penknives, with blades not even big enough to play mumble-the-peg with; but a right down substantial knife, with one big and one little blade. A smooth handle with rounded ends should be chosen because it will fit the hand better, and will not wear out the pockets. Keep the knife always sharp—first by having it well ground, and afterwards by frequent application to a moderately rough oil-stone. Don't by any means, get one of those complicated and useless knives that combine in one handle a gimlet, cork-screw, file, saw, and a score more of useless but curious additions.

Having the knife, boys, don't whittle aimlessly. You can learn to make long, firm, straight cuts just as well in making an arrow as in shaving up a shingle. I know there is something extremely fascinating in the wisp of a cut through a cedar or pine shingle, and the odor of the newly cut wood is something simply delicious. But these charms need not be absent when you are making something besides shavings.

Well, what shall I make? the boy asks, in a perfect fever to be at work. Let me suggest a few articles. Paper cutters, in the shape of daggers, of hard wood, and with handles carved in some simple design. Finish them smoothly in every part, rub them down with painters' oil till they are polished, and you could hardly have anything better to give to father or mother for Christmas. Then for the little brother there is nothing better to make than a bow and arrows. A good stick of ash is easily fashioned into a bow, and an arrow of pine with a heavy head and light body is easily made. Or a cross-bow, with stock of black walnut and bow of ash, with a trigger of walnut and a good closely-twisted string to draw it with, is an implement which may be used to train the eye in shooting at a mark. Or, if you want to make a Christmas gift to some older male friend, go out into the woods and find long shoots of hickory or holly; cut them with the big root knots left on, trim off the branches smoothly, and, taking advantage of the natural lines of the root, make a handle by carving it into a more perfect resemblance of the grotesque head it is almost sure to look like in the rough. You have only then to hang it up to season, rub it down and varnish it, add a ferule, and you have a cane that will be prized far more than any one you could buy in the shops. Or take one of those curious Swiss toys, or long-nosed wooden nut-crackers—they, too are whittled by boys in the Swiss mountains—and see how closely you can copy it in soft cedar or pine. You won't do it, perhaps, as well as your model, but you'll be surprised how quaint and funny your copy will be when it is done, and how handsome it will be, too, when you've filled the grain with oil and rubbed smooth the puffy cheeks and long crooked nose. Then there are boats to be made; a row-boat for Johnny, all complete, with dainty oars and seats; or a sail boat, rigged, for Sammy, with his monogram painted on the sail. The boys can try them in the bath tub, and then lay them away to have fun with next summer. Or you can take a picture of a Venetian gondola, and see how closely you can make a miniature gondola by that guide. Make even the little cabin, and if you give the graceful craft to Sue or Polly, she can give her tiniest doll a "boat ride" in the tiny craft upon the surging waters of the wash-bowl. Or if you have a fancy, my boy, to make something of more importance than a toy boat, get a piece of half-inch oak stuff, and see what you can do towards making a weather-cock. One of the most astonishingly wide-awake roosters that I ever saw pictured out was done in wood by a boy of twelve It told the way of the wind capitally, and sat proudly on the barn gable, saluting every fresh breeze with a new "cock-a-doodle-doo."

Something, and quite a good deal, may be done with the jack-knife in the way of wood-carving. A simple flat pattern on a panel of soft wood may be traced out with considerable nicety by a clever boy. Don't have the pattern too elaborate, let it be conventionalized (look that up in the dictionary), and begin by cutting the outline in a little trough-like groove, say a sixteenth of an inch in depth. It is a knack easily acquired to cut smoothly and of even depth, and no good results can be had until it is acquired. Then having the pattern all outlined—a spray of oak leaves, or a quaint dragon or other grotesque monster from some Japanese design—and a groove cut all round it, you have only to remove the wood all round the pattern, and you have a carving in low relief. Perhaps you have left your ground a little irregular—smooth it all you can—and then with a sharpened nail make little indentations all over it. Rub some color-

ing into the ground, leaving the design in the natural color of the wood, or gild it with gold paint, and you have a panel that will surprise you. It can be made the front of a paper-rack to hang on the wall, or, if small, the end of a hook-rack to put on the table—or it can be put on the front of a box; used anywhere, in fact, where graceful ornamentation is better than plain surface.

And don't forget the useful things that can be fashioned with the jack-knife. The butter-paddle of hard wood, wooden spoons, and salad spoons and forks. I saw the other day a wooden spoon so well carved out that I could hardly believe it was the work of a school-boy. He had taken a common wooden spoon, such as is sold in the shops for three cents, and carved a fanciful design all around the handle, and left a monogram in relief upon the front of it. The mother who showed it to me was quite proud of it, I can assure you—as well she might be. It came to the dinner table with the dessert, and was used to dip nuts out of a wooden bowl that had also been carved and ornamented by another member of the family.

But I only suggest whittling—not the hundred and one things that can be made by a skilful whittler. Let everybody who has a jack-knife use it to some purpose. If anybody should say, "nothing can be made with so simple a tool," let me refer such a one to the nearest museum where South Sea Island curiosities are kept. Look at the elaborately carved war clubs, and canoe paddles, and spoons, and cocoanut drinking cups; they are simply wonderful—and were all wrought out with a knife so roughly made that a "second-best" Yankee jack-knife would be worth ten of it—yes, a hundred.—*Christian Union.*

TESSA'S GOOD THINGS.

BY KATE S. GATES.

She wanted so many things; it was so hard to understand why she could not have them, so hard to be willing to go without them!

They were all good things, too; things that she was sure it would be well for her to have, and yet she did not have them.

She wanted Mrs. Hoyt, her Sabbath-school teacher, she always helped her so, but Mrs. Hoyt was miles and miles away in her new Western home, with so many cares that she rarely found time even to write to Tessa. She wanted to teach in Sabbath-school herself, but her health was not strong enough to permit her doing so. She wanted to invite her old class of boys to the house one evening every week; they were getting rather wild, apt to spend their evenings in the streets with the boys; she was sure that they would come willingly to her, she knew she could make it pleasant for them and profitable.

She had it all planned when Aunt Sarah came to spend the winter with them. When she heard Tessa talking about it she said directly that she could never bear the noise and confusion, it always made her nervous to have boys around.

Just now Tessa wanted to go to Thursday evening meeting but it poured in torrents. She had been looking forward to this evening all the week, and she was very, very much disappointed.

"It seems to me I am always wanting something that I cannot have," she thought to herself bitterly.

"And they are good things too; it would not be so hard to give them up if they weren't. I don't see why I can't have them!"

And then, nestling down among the sofa pillows, Tessa let herself be as miserable as possible and thought over all her disappointments, until life seemed very hard to bear.

By-and-by her father came in and took up the Bible for prayers. Mother and aunt Sarah put up their work. Tessa went out into the sitting-room and sat down in the corner where it was too dark for any one to notice that her eyes were red from crying. The Psalm for the evening was the eighty-fourth. Tessa liked to hear her father read the Bible; she said she always felt a new meaning to the verses just from his tone and way of reading.

There was such a sure, triumphant ring to his voice, as he read the eleventh verse of this psalm, "The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." "No good thing," thought Tessa. She could not read these words in any such tone.

Then she noticed with a sudden pang how bent and gray and old her father looked. He was not so very old either; it was hardship and trouble that had made him a prematurely old man.

Still, for all that, he could say so positively that no good thing was witheld! She wondered how he could!

After prayers her mother went out in the kitchen to give orders for breakfast. Aunt Sarah went upstairs, leaving Tessa and her father alone.

"It—doesn't seem to me that that is true, father," she said, half defiantly.

"What, daughter?" he asked.

"That God does not withhold any good thing from His children. I have wanted so many good things—things that I'm sure would have been good for me, too, but I did not have them."

"Tessa, suppose that you were sick and I had two kinds of medicine for you; that one was good, that is, it would keep the life within you, and perhaps even give you a little strength, but the other would build you up into perfect health; which do you think I should give you?"

"The best, of course, father."

"God is the physician of our sin-sick souls. Cannot you trust Him that He will give you what is best for you? Nothing that is for our best good is ever withheld."

"But it is very hard to see it, father. For instance, it rained so hard that I could not go to meeting to-night. I wanted to very much. I needed the help I should have had there. Why couldn't I go? And why did Mrs. Hoyt have to go so far away? I used to be better for just catching a glimpse of her." Tessa spoke sharply, almost bitterly.

"I cannot tell why, daughter. Sometimes I think we depend too much upon earthly helps, and so the Lord takes them away to bring us nearer to Himself. It is not necessary for us to know the whys and wherefores always, though it is well for us to pray that we may learn the lessons God wishes to teach us in His dealings with us. The Lord has withheld many a desire from me. He has taken from me many a cherished object; but, Tessa, child, I do not believe that there has been one single good thing kept from me."

"But O, father," said Tessa brokenly, "why must we want the things we cannot have? If things are not good for us why need we care for them?"

"'Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.' 'And every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit,'" was the reply. And Tessa, hearing it, went slowly up stairs to her own room. She had had her word, now she wanted to be by herself to think it over.

"I hope that God will make me fruitful, even if I do cry out at the hurt of it. I will try to remember."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A DAY OF DELIGHT.

BY ARIANA HERMAN.

Years ago there came into the course of an uneventful young life an occurrence which made a deep impression upon the memory. It was witnessing the solemn ordination for his work of a foreign missionary one of whom worldly men said that he was a fanatic, and Christian men that he had the spirit of his Master ever upon him. A single speech of his, prompted by the desire that always burned within him to do something for his Master's cause, took root in a young heart and grew into a fruitful source of help and strength.

In the course of a morning call at my father's house, I, scarcely more than a child at the time, found myself left alone for a little while to entertain the missionary. I was dreadfully afraid of him and of his "religious conversation," though I, too, loved and tried to follow his Lord. My shyness, however, vanished in the free and natural and cordial manner of his talk, and when it touched upon the privileges and safeguards of a Christian land which he must give up, and the Sabbath was mentioned among them I was emboldened to make a confession of my sorest trouble.

"Oh, Mr. Matthews," I said, not lightly, but with emotion. "I hate Sunday!" A surprised silence was his only answer, and I continued, "I would not care how strictly we were required to keep it, if I could only do it, but try as I may, I always feel when night comes that I have offended God by not spending a perfectly holy day. And this of course is misery."

I can remember to this very hour, though that was long ago, the brightness of countenance with which this man of God made answer. "Why in the world," said he, "should you take a beautiful gift of God and make a galling yoke of it? You sincerely desire to keep the day in the way of His own appointment? Very well. You are his child; you are a weak child, but he knows that; you have wrong impulses, he knows that too, and knowing all your failings, he gives you these quiet, guarded hours in which everything tends to help you in your better life. When you look back regretfully over misspent hours, do not think of God as an offended Lawgiver, but as a tender Father, who knoweth your frame, and remembering that you are dust, will be ready to help you to spend the next holy day aright. Rub out the word 'duty' from the portals of your Sabbath, and write in its place 'delight.'"

I have never seen the missionary since, but all my enjoyment of the Lord's day began when he persuaded me to leave the law side of the commandment and go around to the gospel side.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Question Corner.—No. 3.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who was the first foreign missionary?
2. Tell from what place he started and mention in order the places he visited on his first missionary tour.
3. How many journeys did he make, and to what place was his last voyage?
4. Who was the first Christian martyr.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Initials and finals give the names of two towns in Palestine.

One of the spies who heeded God's command?
A heathen race who dwelt in Israel's land?
When did the Holy Ghost in fire descend?
Who left his mantle for his dearest friend?
A gentle wife, whose son was sold a slave?
Name of contempt that foes to Jesus gave?
A guilty queen who perished by the sword?
Helper in Christ, saluted in the Lord?
Her people safe, she led a mighty throng
Praising the Lord with timbrel, dance and song?

No trace of town or temple can you see
My site to tell,
For Jesus once declared that I should be
Cast down to hell.
Initial letters soon will show my sad
Dishonored name,
I perished, though I kindly warning had
Of coming shame.
Turn to the finals, for they sweetly ring
With angel-song;
And memories too of Israel's shepherd-king
To them belong:
Amid green hills the little village stands
A silent spot,
Yet Christian hearts in many distant lands
Forget her not.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 1.

1. Obadiah, 1 Kings 18. 4.
2. Ruth; she was David's great-grandmother. Ruth 4. 17.
3. To the tribe of Judah and the family of David. Matt. 1. 1, 16.
4. The parable of the unjust judge. Luke 17, 2.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

GENESIS—MATTHEW.

1. G-erizi-*m*	Deut. xi. 29
2. E-lish-*a*	2 Kings xiii. 21.
3. N-igh-*t*	Rev. xxi. 25.
4. E-gyp-*t*	Exod. xxii. 21.
5. S-treugt-*h*	Isa. xxv 4.
6. I-nheritanc-*e*	1 Peter 1 4.
7. S-hado-*w*	Job viii. 9.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from H. E. Greene, and Albert Jesse French.

TO OUR READERS.

We have received several letters from friends of the *Messenger* expressing their great appreciation of this paper and promising to do all in their power to further its circulation in their midst. We cordially thank these writers, and hope their good example will be followed by many others of our readers in all localities. A series of lessons on "Temperance Physiology" will shortly appear in these columns, and will be of great value to teachers in schools and superintendents of Bands of Hope who wish to give simple scientific instruction to their scholars on the effects of the use of alcohol, tobacco and opium. Subscriptions should be sent in *at once*, in order to lose no part of the series.

In View of the Sunday-school lessons for the next three months, which take up the last journey of Paul to Rome, we give in this number a large map tracing the four journeys of the great apostle to the Gentiles. In order to gain a clear idea of the work done by this great first Foreign Missionary a map of his travels is absolutely essential, and we hope that teachers and all who are interested in Sunday-school work will preserve this one for future reference.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles.

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 8.

PAUL ASSAILED—ACTS 21: 27-40.

COMMIT VERSES 30-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.—Acts 21: 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Earnest Christians may suffer persecution, but even this will help to spread the Gospel.

DAILY READINGS.

M.	Acts 21: 27-40.
T.	Acts 19: 30-41.
W.	Acts 6: 7-15.
Th.	2 Cor. 4: 1-18.
F.	Ezek. 44: 1-18.
Sa.	Luke 23: 10-25.
Su.	Heb. 12: 1-12.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

27. THE SEVEN DAYS—which it took to complete the vow (Num. 6: 13). This was the fifth day. JEWS OF ASIA—the small province of Asia, of which Ephesus was the capital. The Jews had opposed Paul in Ephesus for three years; knew him and hated him. IN THE TEMPLE—the court called "the court of the women," because women went no further. Here was the usual place of worship, and the room for the Nazarites. 28. BROUGHT GREEKS ALSO INTO THE TEMPLE—i.e., into the inner courts beyond the court of the Gentiles. On the low balustrade which separated the court of the Gentiles from the court of the women, were inscriptions declaring it to be death for a Gentile to pass beyond it. 29. TROPHIMUS—who had come with Paul as a delegate to bring the contributions of the churches (Acts 20: 4). 30. DREW HIM—dragged. OUT OF THE TEMPLE—the court of the women. THE DOORS WERE SHUT—the great doors of the Gate Beautiful, 60 feet high, and made of Corinthian brass. This was to keep the sacred place free from the mob. 31. THE CHIEF CAPTAIN—Claudius Lysias (Acts 24: 26). He was captain of one thousand men, which was the band, or cohort. This was stationed in the Castle of Antonia, which adjoined the temple, and was the Roman guard of Jerusalem. 32. CENTURIONS—captains of one hundred men. 33. BOUND WITH TWO CHAINS—by the hands, to a soldier each side of him. 35.—THE STAIRS—which led up from the court of the Gentiles to the roof of the corridor leading to the castle. 38. THAT EGYPTIAN—An Egyptian false prophet, who, about two months before, had gathered together 4,000 assassins, and a multitude of 30,000, upon the Mount of Olives. They were dispersed by the Romans, but the Egyptian escaped.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Why was Paul in Jerusalem? With whom did he lodge? What slanders were uttered against him? How did he try to refute these slanders? When did the events of this lesson occur?

SUBJECT: SUFFERING FOR JESUS' SAKE.

I. PAUL ASSAULTED BY A MOB (vs. 27-30).—What seven days are referred to in v 27? (Num. 6: 13.) Why was Paul in the temple? In what part of the temple? Had he a right there? Who noticed his presence here? Were these Christian Jews or unbelievers? Is it probable that the Christian Jews were satisfied with Paul's answers to the slanders uttered against him? How would these Ephesian Jews treat Paul? Why would they hate him? What was the first charge they made against him. Was it true? What was the second charge? Was it true? Into what part of the temple were the Gentiles forbidden to enter? What was the penalty for entering? How does their conduct illustrate one of Christ's sayings? (Matt. 23: 23, 24.) What did they do to Paul? (v. 32.) What did they propose to do? Where was he taken? What doors were shut?

II. THE RESCUE (vs. 31-36).—Who guarded the temple? In what castle did they have their barracks? The name of the chief captain?

(Acts 24: 26.) How did he rescue Paul? How was Paul bound? What questions did Lysias ask? What answer did he get? Where did he take Paul? What did the mob now do? Up what stairs was Paul carried?

III. PERSECUTION SPREADING THE GOSPEL (vs. 37: 40).—What favor did Paul ask of Lysias? In what language? Whom had the chief captain supposed Paul to be? What can you tell about this Egyptian? What was Paul's description of himself? Was permission granted Paul to speak? What language did he use? Why? Who were Paul's audience? Could he, except thus guarded by the Romans, have preached the Gospel to these Jews? What promise was here fulfilled? (Rom. 8: 24.) Which of the Beatitudes did he now enjoy? Did this suffering make him love Jesus more? Do we ever suffer for Jesus' sake.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Many good persons are slandered by imputing to them our own impressions and inferences from what they do.

II. The world notices the company we keep.

III. The Lord enables his people to be calm even in a stormy mob.

IV. Envy, hatred, persecution, call the attention of the world to the truth.

V. Blessed are they that are persecuted for Christ's sake.

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 15.

PAUL'S DEFENCE.—ACTS 22: 1-21.

COMMIT VERSES 12-16.

GOLDEN TEXT

And I said, What shall I do, Lord?—Acts 22: 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Conversion to Christ is the great need of all men.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 22: 1-21.
T. Acts 9: 1-18.
W. Gal. 1: 1-24.
Th. John 1: 1-16.
F. Rom. 9: 1-8.
Sa. Rom. 10: 1-21.
Su. 1 Tim. 1: 1-17.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. BRETHREN, FATHERS—these, and many others expressions, would tend to conciliate the Jews. 3. GAMALIEL—a most famous and strict Jewish teacher. 4. THIS WAY—the Gospel,—the way of life. 5. THE HIGH PRIEST—Theophilus, still living when Paul spoke. ESTATE OF THE ELDERS—the Sanhedrim, of which Paul was once a member. 6. A GREAT LIGHT—in which he saw Jesus himself (ch. 9: 7; 22: 14). 9. HEARD NOT THE VOICE—i.e., did not understand it as language, though they heard a sound (9: 7). 11. COULD NOT SEE—he was blind three days (9: 9). 14. THAT JUST ONE—Jesus. 16. WASH AWAY THY SINS—baptism was a sign of this cleansing. 19. AND I SAID—Paul here gives the reason why he wanted to remain here and preach to the Jews.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did we leave Paul in our last lesson? Give a brief account of the mob and its causes? What led him to make the address in this lesson? In what language did he speak? Why? What was its effect on the mob?

SUBJECT: PAUL'S CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

I. HIS LIFE PREVIOUS TO CONVERSION (vs. 1-5).—Where was Paul born? What do we know of his parents? (Acts 22: 28; Phil. 3: 5.) Where was Paul educated? What trade did he learn? What was Paul's character before conversion? Did it need changing? What was his great lack? (1 Cor. 13: 1-3.) How did he show his zeal? Who could bear witness to what he said?

II. HIS CONVERSION (vs. 6-16).—Where was Paul converted? How old was he at this time? How was he first convicted of sin? Whom did he see in this great light? (v. 14; ch. 9: 17.) How does seeing Jesus as he is, convict men of sin? What did Jesus ask Paul? What was his next step in his conversion? (v. 10.) Where was he sent for help? Why? How long was he blind? (9: 9.) What struggle probably took place at that time? What did Ananias do for him? What blessing came with this? (9: 17.) What motive was presented to Paul? (v. 15.) How did he confess Christ? What did his baptism signify? What more did Paul do? Note the various steps in Paul's conversion? What change did his conversion work in his life and character?

III. HIS LIFE WORK (vs. 17-21).—How long after his conversion did Paul go up to Jerusalem? (Gal. 1: 18.) Why? (Rom. 9: 1-3.) Who appeared to him then? In what place? What was to be Paul's life work? Was it a worthy and blessed work? What is your life work? How did Paul plead to remain and preach to his brethren?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. A Christian experience is the best argument against opposers.

II. If Paul needed conversion, we all need this change.

III. The greatest power for convicting men of sin is seeing Jesus as he is.

IV. God has some special work for each converted person to do.

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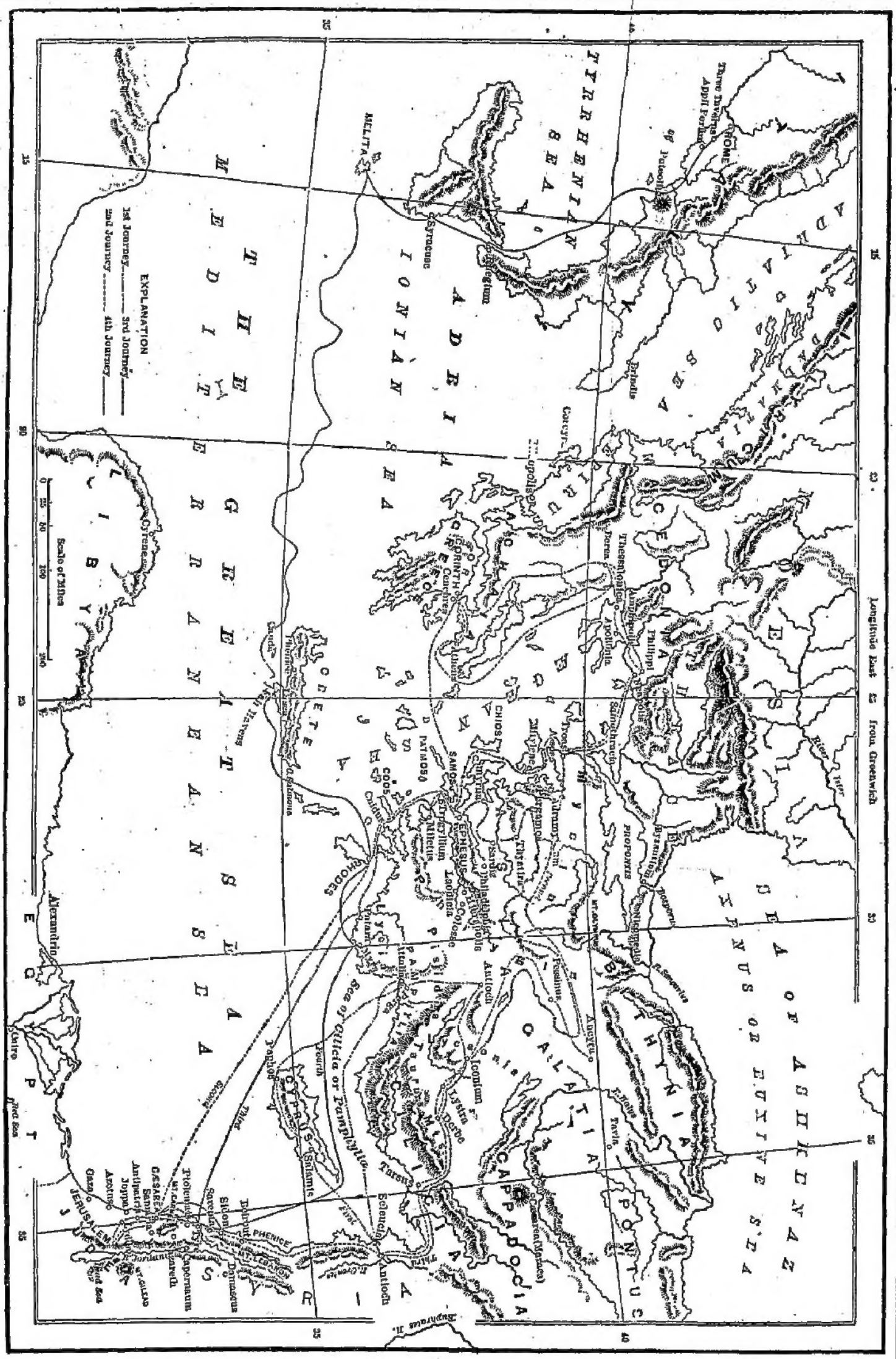

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